VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 2, 1905. NUMBER 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

The Last Song.

A song of my creating,
  A wondrous song I'd sing,
Which like the fragrant breeze of May
  O'er earth its flight would wing.
From North to South, from East to West,
  A way break in a thrice,
And give to all mankind sweet rest,
  Joy, Peace and Paradise.

Unto the sick and dying
  Sweet cordial it should bring,
The sound of its soft pinion's stroke
  Still grief and suffering.
Mid clank of arms and conflict hot
  Fan courage to a flame;
For woe men comprehended not
  Comfort it should proclaim.

But where'er sin is lurking
  With cruel serpent e'e,
To hurricane swiftly rising,
  'Twill sweep it in the sea.
On every chink in house of pain
  A cooling balm distill,
The temple cleanse from ev'ry stain
  And every want fulfill,

And if this song succeeded,
Nor fame nor gold to gain
I'd wish, but throw my lyre down
And sing no other strain.
Unto the pine woods stealing,
Lay me for death's repose
To no one e'er revealing
Who did this song compose.

—*Johanna Ambrosius.*

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"As in a great cathedral men come out from the little side chapels and shrines, to meet before the high altar and beneath the vaster vault;—So, in leaving our sectarian services to join with others in the common work for justice and humanity, we find that we have only come beneath a loftier religious roof, to nnite in a larger worship.—*Unity Through Diversitv.*"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1905. NUMBER 23

"Two persons will hereafter be exalted
Above the heavens—the man with boundless power
Who yet forbears to use it indiscreetly,
And he who is not rich and yet can give."
—*The Maha-Bharata.*

Now is a good time for the preacher to read up on Joan of Arc and preach a sermon on her. She is rapidly approaching canonization, and soon she will be Saint Joan of Arc, made such by the church that burned her nearly five hundred years ago. For further suggestions, let our ministerial leaders consult the *Literary Digest* for January 28th.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* calls on all the Methodist churches to recognize Lincoln's birthday, which this year comes on Sunday, by taking up a collection in the interest of the Freedman's Aid and Southern Education Society. The suggestion is a worthy one. The religious institutions of America are too far removed from the religious life of America. We need to multiply the vital holidays and to consecrate to religious uses the lives which have fulfilled the law of sacrifice.

There are some striking "new features" in connection with the great religious upheaval going on in some parts of Wales. That the emphasis on practical morals and civic reform, the closing of the drinking places, the renovation of society, is more in evidence than a thirst for the glorious city that can be entered only after death, is worthy of note, as is also the non-clerical quality of the movement. Singing men and women take the lead; although inspired by Evan Roberts, a man from the mines, the revival does not seem to gather around a personality so much as it does around an idea, or still more significant,—an emotion, a sentiment.

According to our exchanges, District Attorney Jerome and Police Commissioner McAdoo are again busy in a crusade against vice in New York. "Periodic spasm of virtue" is the phrase used by the *Literary Digest.* Well, it had better be periodic than never, and spasms are better than death. It is at least noteworthy that the intervening periods are shrinking and spasms are becoming more frequent than they used to be. After a while this quest for virtue will be a civic persistence. There are more good than bad people in New York, and when all the good people stand together in New York, Chicago or any other city, it will be as possible to lead a virtuous life in the city as it is in the country, and much easier to make life sanitary, safe and progressive.

Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall of the Union Theological Seminary is the last voice from the east, returning from an academic missionary trip under the Barrows lectureship of the University of Chicago. Dr. Hall testifies to the religiousness of the Orient. He says: "In the east religion is more than food. The life of the people is the history of its religion. The scene that meets the open-minded observer in India fills one with the conviction that worship is for man as normal as to breathe, and that modern protestantism in Europe and America is not equal to the east in satisfying the popular instinct in relation to God." Let western philosophers as well as western ministers of religion take serious thought of the contrast and see how the reconciling equation can be reached.

Morality owes much to the medical men of this generation, and the doctor, speaking by authority of science, often dares to speak obvious but unpalatable truths which the minister hesitates to state; or if he states them at all, it is with such guarded phrases as to not only save the feelings but to miss the consciences of those who most need the word of warning. Dr. E. S. Talbot, a crimnologist and student of degeneracy, in a recent address before the Illinois Medical College in Chicago, stated some truths too often overlooked. Speaking of degeneracy, he said:

"We too often associate the word degeneracy with prisons, and asylums, and car barn bandits," he said, "but there are many degenerates walking the streets of Chicago today, attired in good clothes and enjoying the blessings of freedom and the respect of their fellow men. Of course, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, and the insane are degenerates, but so are constitutional liars, egotists, and so-called smart business men."

"Degeneracy is an arrested development," he said. "It is caused by dissipation when young, by an overtaxing of the system which some time in later life results in the over development of some organ and the under development of some other. Young women in society who drink tea and keep late hours day after day are laying up for themselves trouble. Tea and coffee drinking and eating of much rich food brings stagnation of the arteries and eventually heart trouble or apoplexy. This latter disease, of course, applies more particularly to men.

"It is a bad custom to give a young woman many parties just before she is to be married. It tires her all out, and her system becomes overtaxed. Both young men and women who lead lives of excesses have much to answer for to the future generations."

The quiet way in which the great political turmoil in Wisconsin has come to an end for the present, by the election of Governor La Follette to the United States Senate, without much opposition, is a final evidence that Wisconsin recognized the issue, believed in the leader of that issue, and has forced it to its logical conclusion. We have been of those who have believed in the essential integrity of Governor La Follette. We do not believe that a charlatan or a pure self-seeker can continuously play so significant a part without being found out by the honest and the sincere. That Robert La Follette had ambitions goes without the saying; that to successfully wage such a campaign as he has led may have led at times to unbecoming ego-

tism and regrettable imperiousness, may also go without the saying; but the truth remains that he has fought a great fight and real issues, and Senator La Follette stands today conspicuous among the few men to whom the nation looks for the leadership that will carry us back to the ideals of Lincoln and Jefferson—a democracy of the people, unintimidated, unhampered by the combinations, either of capital or of party intrigue. Partisanship, commercialism and militarism are the menacing forces that threaten the purity, progress, aye, the very existence of our government today. We would congratulate the senator were we not so impressed with the high tasks that await him; the solemn responsibilities that now settle down upon his shoulders. We pray that he may have wisdom and grace and strength enough to be equal to his high tasks and solemn responsibilities.

Emerson's prediction that the new church, founded on moral science, that would at first be cold, naked, a babe in the manger "without shawms, psaltery or sackbut" would fast enough gather "beauty, music, picture, poetry," is being slowly but surely verified. One more indication of this verification lies before us in a printed "Naming Service as conducted at a recent ceremony by Percival Chubb, associate leader of the New York Society of Ethical Culture." Others may call this naming service a "christening"; still others prefer the term "baptism," but all alike recognize the spiritual potency of symbol, appeal and consecrating thought. Not many of those who by virtue of their growing thought cannot use the old formulas, will perhaps care to use this, but indeed the truest service is the one that best reflects the personalities of those most intimately acquainted. But in one way or another the recognition of parental obligation and public consecration of the great gifts and noble experiences of life will always carry with them ceremonial blessings. Accompanying this ethical leaflet No. 1 comes ethical pamphlet No. 6, which sets forth "a new statement of the aim of the Ethical Culture Societies," by Felix Adler, the leader of this movement, in seven condensed pages. It both states and argues for that basis of union.

Spite of the artificial interferences caused by party lines and partisan jealousies, the legislators of Illinois, now in session at Springfield, will probably be compelled before the end of the session to show their hands and to line up on the saloon question. There will be the usual amount of evasion, possibly of successful suppression in the committee room, but they have no incompetent and incoherent lot of ministerial organizations or praying bands of women to reckon with this year. The Anti-Saloon League of Illinois is one of the most compact, thoroughly organized and wide awake civic organizations in the state. W. H. Anderson, the General Superintendent, is a young man who has all the qualifications of a legislative leader. Alert, young, experienced, and with a righteous cause in which he profoundly believes. Last Sunday many hundred ministers in the state of Illinois helped make public sentiment, and their fire was directed at a clearly defined foe. A pamphlet of forty-seven pages issued by the League sets forth the full text of the new local option bill with much collateral matter. It is a little hand book on the subject which contains much valuable information to those outside the state of Illinois and doubtless can be obtained for the asking by addressing W. H. Anderson, Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, Springfield, Illinois. The saloon men and the liquor interests are thoroughly alive to this menace to their business and they are resorting to every strategy which money, experience and selfish interest may suggest to defeat the bill by indirection, knowing well that if the wishes of the people could be expressed on the merits of the question, saloons would be actually driven out of many counties in the state of Illinois and excluded from many sections of the large cities. In a new form and with a practically new backing, the saloon question is coming up again as a new and a live issue in American legislation. To believe that the retail sale of liquor in places fitted up for carousing and dissipation is a nuisance and that it should be suppressed is no longer the sign of a crank or of an impractical preacher; it is rather the sign of a practical economist, of a social philosopher.

Walter Wellman is recognized as a newspaper authority on affairs at the White House. In last Sunday's *Record Herald* of Chicago he gives a column and a half to the discussion of the President's "worry" over "the social custom at the White House receptions." It seems to be becoming a grave matter as to whether one is permitted to drive their carriage to the south or to the east entrance. One would think the President had trouble enough without worrying over these "court technicalities." To a foreign traveler even of the intelligence of Charles Wagner the affairs of the White House seem to be models of simplicity and of democratic impartiality, but to an American who catches an occasional glimpse of the troubles behind the scenes, there is much tomfoolery still left over from the aristocracy of Old World customs. The President and his wife have more important business on hand than to worry about the proper order of diplomatic corps and to decide who is to have a white card and who is to have a pink card of invitation, or what residents of Washington are to be denied one of the three thousand cards of invitation to the evening receptions marked "not transferable." These are questions too subtle for a masculine brain to settle. Some day there will arise a band of feminine revolutionists who will sign a new declaration of independence that will declare forever their freedom from the tyranny of foolish etiquette, the slavery of prescribed and proscribed evening dress, etc., etc. And this declaration of independence will not be in the interest of social lawlessness or in defiance to art and good breeding, but it will be in the interest of real refinement as opposed to the vulgarities of fashion, the impudence

and conceit of those who presume to be guardians of social respectability and fashionable swelldom. A democratic form of government demands democratic simplicity at the banquet table and on the dancing floor; it demands feminine as well as masculine simplicity, which is an adjunct and not a foe of good breeding. No one will accuse President Roosevelt of snobbishness or of toadying to the artificial dignities that belong to Old World royalties. It is a good time to begin a reform under his administration.

That was a deeply significant meeting held in the Auditorium of Chicago under the auspices of the Friends of Russian Freedom last Sunday afternoon. The newspapers estimate the audience at three thousand. The great audience room was well filled. Jane Addams presided; Dr. Hirsch, Thomas Morgan and Jenkin Lloyd Jones were the local speakers. Of course Katharine Breshkovsky, the little grandmother from Russia, was the center of attraction. Although nearly one-half of her sixty years of living has been spent in horrible prison confinement and the hardships of Siberian exile, her face is still fresh, her voice flexible and sympathetic, her manner that of a cultivated, quiet shrinking lady. The vast audience rose and greeted her with waving handkerchiefs and a sympathy too profound for boisterousness. She spoke first in Russian, and, to the surprise of everybody, what seemed to be essentially an American audience, was dotted through and through with ex-Russian citizens, as was proven by the repeated rounds of applause that came at the end of her Russian periods. Then she spoke in French, paragraph after paragraph being interpreted for her by an accomplished French citizen of Chicago, and lastly she spoke a few words in broken English. The story of this little woman is heart-breaking taken by itself, but when it is taken as a typical one of the thousands upon thousands who have eaten and still eat the bitter bread of exile, simply as a penalty for the love of liberty, the situation is overwhelming. It is no wonder that indignation, resentment and an appeal to force struggle for expression, but still it is not an occasion for force. Russian autocracy can outdo justice in violence; some other way of liberty must be devised but it will never come from within, unaided by a moral power from without. The call is for a new diplomacy, a high protest from the civilized world. Why should not the United States of America, the boasted champion of democracy, lead in this protest? It has nothing to lose but everything to gain by speaking out and speaking often in behalf of the down trodden and in rebuke of the oppressor. But what of the "diplomatic relations?" We answer, diplomacy should exist in the interest of righteousness and not of sin. If such protests and appeal be considered sufficient cause on the part of Russia to break off diplomatic relations, on it be the responsibility and on it be the loss. But what if it should declare war? It takes two to make a quarrel; one side cannot get up a war. It would be a glorious triumph for the United States to accept any indignities for such a cause with lofty passivity. We can defend our own if need be, but if Russia wishes to resent by force of arms our appeal to mercy and diplomatic emphasis of the Golden Rule, then it would have to cross the seas to smite us, for our weapons will be other than carnal. The story of Madame Breshkovsky is a thrilling one; to read it is to read an arraignment not only of Russian autocracy, but of modern civilization, of the false pretension of democracy set forth by the republics of the world.

The Heavenly Pilgrimage.

Last week in our editorial we called attention to the contemplative life as enforced and illustrated by the life of India. We urged that the peculiar gifts of Brahmanism to the world is the gift of contemplation. It has ever glorified meditation and laid the foundations of the spiritual life deep in thought. Asia is the mother of philosophy as it has been the mother of so many religions. From the same source comes a great pilgrim story which we this week will use to illustrate the selective life.

All pilgrimages are conditioned upon severe exclusion—the neglecting and the omitting of the many things that the few things or the one supreme thing may be attained. The problem of piety is a problem of ethics and the practical adjustments of life day by day come to be a problem of selection. Progress in this as in all other departments is a process of cancellation. Wisdom is the result of omissions.

The story of the Maha-Bharata is the longest poem in the world; seven times as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey put together, nine times as long as its companion epic in Hindu literature—the "Ramayana," which is twice as long as the longest poem in the English language—Browning's "Ring and the Book." This story was borne down through the centuries on the human breath, rolled from mind to mind, picking up on its way such literary fragments, ethical wisdom, fables, and myths as served its purpose or pleased the fancy of the narrators. Thus it has become a vast encyclopedia of Hindu mythology, legendary history, ethics, philosophy and religion.

This poem for perhaps two thousand years has chanted the story of a hero who had tasted all the triumphs that war and glory can yield and grew weary of them and pushed on to the beatific life.

King Yudhi-Shthira, the peer of the whitest saint in Christendom, abdicated the throne that he might go forth and seek union with the Infinite; and the four brothers, the loyal wife, and the faithful dog gladly accompanied him. The high-minded procession started on their pilgrimage towards the Celestial City, Indra's heaven, situated on the high mountain of Meru. The loyal citizens would fain follow, but one by one, they said their tearful farewell and fell back. The loyal band persisted in the march steadily to the eastward. Jewels, embroidered robes, gaily caparisoned horses, golden chariots, were discarded.

The awful march across the desert was begun. The King-brother ever in front, his eyes kept steadily on the distant mountain; after him followed in single file the royal pilgrims, resolved to win the Celestial City.

But as they advanced, the strength of one after the other fails and they drop by the wayside.

At last the longarmed monarch was left alone, striding forward, accompanied only by the faithful hound. In this lonely plight, he arrives at heaven's gate. It flies open and the thunder of the chariot wheels of the thousand-eyed Lord of all the Gods greets him. The great heart pleads at once for a restoration of wife and brothers. But Indra assures him that they are no longer dead; stripped of their mortal coverings, they have gone to their place. He alone is permitted to go up with his bodily form to the home of the immortals. The King still hesitates; he asks for one more grace:

> "This hound hath ate with me,
> Followed me, loved me; must I leave him now?"

Then Indra spoke sternly and declared that no unclean thing should enter into Swarga and demanded that he "quit now the beast"! But the noble King persisted.

When lo! this humane climax proves also a divine revealment; the loyalty of the man, the fidelity of the mortal, was also the role of the god, and Indra smiled, the hound vanished, and lo! instead stood Dharma, the Lord of Death and Justice, who had followed him through the weary way in this disguise to test and watch him and rejoice in every triumph.

But there were still souls in darkness and there could be no heaven for this loyal heart while the familiar voices were left without, so he braved the horrors of hell; stood steadfast amidst its torments.

And lo! the last enemy had indeed been put under foot, and the final triumph attained.

This great poem sinks its plummet below all dogmatic, race and time distinctions, where the unique is lost in the universal. Let what is Hindu remain for the scholars, what is ancient stay with the antiquarian, what is oriental we may not understand, but what is human, the gravitation of the soul to righteousness, the fidelity of the heart to love, the magnanimity of thought, the purity of disinterestedness—these things are translatable and transmutable. In this realm Saxon nouns can be substituted for Sanskrit names and Brahmanic parables can be rendered in Christian phrase.

This noble Pilgrim won through by virtue of the things he did not do, of the "attractions" he did not pursue, of the "privileges" of which he did not avail himself, and these are the only conditions by which any man, woman or child in any land or any time can attain to the desired end. The heavenly pilgrimage demands not the neglecting of the more important things, but the immolation of the less important, and that if the trifling and the trivial, the transient and the superficial distractions of life are ignored, if the eye is kept steadily fixed on the white mountain, however formidable, on which rests the Celestial City, there is strength and time and thought and love enough to win there, but never, never without it.

There is no pressing program crowding the life of the busy woman, the conscientious mother of today, but might be simplified enough to make the heavenly journey serene as well as certain, if she only would cancel the things which sense, experience, as well as philosophy and religion acknowledge to be unimportant. There is no man that can justify his intellectual stolidity, his indifference to public affairs, his denial for public claims, on the score that he has no time, that he is too busy. He must lay aside the less important in the interest of the more important, or he falls out by the way and finds himself traveling the road of the sinning; taking the left-hand downward road rather than the right-hand mountain path. There is no essential conflict between the contemplative life and this. The contemplative life is indispensable to the pilgrim life, and a pilgrimage is impossible without the discrimination, the suppression, the denials that are revealed only to the contemplative soul.

The Maha-Bharata is no curiosity of oriental literature, but a parable of the heavenly life expressed in the struggling heart of humanity and formulated by co-creators with Isaiah, Ezekiel, the writer of Job, the singers of the Hebrew psalms, the author of the great hymn of charity to the Corinthians, and with him who enunciated the Beatitudes.

As I Go Speeding.

As I go speeding to the Western Gate,
Let me not murmur at unwelcome fate,
But rather life's unnumbered joys relate—
As I go speeding west.

Beyond the sunset lies effulgent dawn.
I would not make men sad while journeying on,
Nor give them food for tears, when I am gone.
I would not make men sad.

Too much we talk of gloom, and grief, and shade,
Forgetting that kind law a just God made,
Whereby small woes with mighty joys are paid.
Too much we talk of gloom.

Yea, there are vast delights on this good earth,
And he who counts them, from his hour of birth,
Shall find this life a thing of precious worth.
Yea, there are vast delights.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

The New Departure in Santo Domingo.

I venture to wonder whether your readers appreciate how momentous a piece of news it may prove to be that our government has engaged to undertake a receivership of Dominican customs so as to secure the debts of that republic to foreign and American bondholders. The revolution threatened in Russia seems hardly more important, in its consequences, especially to the people of the American continent, than this proposed agreement with the President of Santo Domingo is likely to be. It raises the largest kind of public and international questions. How far, for example, is it within the legitimate province of a national government to endeavor to safeguard and collect the loans which its speculative subjects make in the disorderly parts of the world? This is actually more than a government can do for its ordinary private investors. We are told that a New Jersey syndicate has taken over and manipulated and "watered" a risky lot of Dominican bonds. These people and various foreign money-

lenders have thus acquired mortgages of unknown millions, perhaps twelve or fifteen, upon the property and the labor of barely half a million poor people. Let us not forget these Dominican people who are now, in the foreclosure of mortgages, to be compelled to bear a heavy load of taxation for an indefinite length of time. Whom ought we most to pity, the speculative capitalists who have paid their money into the hands of successive notorious and upstart governments, with the obvious risk of losing it, or the poor people who presumably have received little if any benefit from these loans, and are henceforth to be forced to pay largely for the blunders and the corruption of oppressive dictators? Who is this Morales who offers to turn his ports over to our keeping? Do the American people seriously wish to take a hand in this most uncongenial task of administering the rotten finances of a bankrupt "republic"? Have we such a surplus of high administrative ability and wisdom as to be easily able to send our best men out of the country in order to collect very questionable debts?

Other grave questions loom behind. Suppose our government enters upon the reconstruction of Dominican finances ever so wisely. Is this all? How can we make over the finances of a foreign people and not be obliged to meddle with the whole conduct of the government, to enforce law and order, and in fact eventually to undertake the government of the country? Perhaps this is the course upon which we are involved in Santo Domingo. But if this is so, is it the thoughtful intent of the America people? Or, are we merely drifting upon an unknown coast which we have not yet explored?

Moreover, behind Santo Domingo stood Panama, Colombia, Venezuela, and in fact all Central and South America. Where is the business of tax-collecting and receiverships to end? The possibilities of final control and even annexation carry us to the extremities of the continent. Concede that all this may be wise and righteous. But our government was certainly never organized to undertake such gigantic foreign responsibilities. The sole ground upon which they can be allowed is the super-abundant good will of the people of the United States toward its unfortunate neighbors in ill-governed states. Ought we not to assure ourselves in advance that our business with them is prompted by good will, and in no way confused with the schemes of disappointed speculators, who are trying to use us to pull their burned chestnuts out of the fire?

Let us grant a cheerful and easy answer to every one of these questions. Admit that it is our destiny to administer the affairs of every American state, that has blundered into debt and is threatened with a visit by foreign warships. Concede that German, or French, or British authority exercised in collecting debts from bankrupt governments in South America, or Santo Domingo, would be in some mysterious manner, never yet shown by any intelligence, a menace to the peace and prosperity of the United States; the one point that I venture earnestly to press is, that the new policy upon which we are asked to embark in Santo Domingo, ought to have the most careful and deliberate discussion on the part of the American people and in congress. What becomes of the principles of popular government if a few men in Washington, however highly respected, may of their own motion and without public debate, involve the nation in a course of international conduct quite revolutionary in its possible consequences and not easily revocable. —*Charles F. Dole.*

The Boston Evening Transcript.

THE PULPIT.

Robert Browning's Pippa Passes.

A SERMON-STUDY BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JANUARY 29, 1905.

Asolo is a sleepy hill town in the heart of the silk-growing territory of Italy, thirty miles from Venice. It has an old cathedral, the ruins of a Roman aqueduct, many silk mills, and their complement of mill hands,—hands indeed, for there is the minimum of machinery and most of the hands belong to women and girls. These hands have but one holiday in the year during which the mill doors are closed and girls, women and boys do as they will the whole livelong day.

This particular New Year's day is a benignant one, such as fills the hearts of the bare-footed silk-winders. It treats them in such a way that "old-year's sorrow" cast off the night before does not come again. It is a poor man's holiday wherein may be borrowed sufficient strength for "New-Year's sorrow."

"All other men and women that this earth
Belongs to, who all days alike possess,
Make general plenty cure particular dearth,
Get more joy one way, if another less:
Thou art my single day, God lends to leaven
What were all earth else, with a feel of heaven,—
Sole light that helps me through the year, thy sun's!"

But quiet and sleepy as this far-off hamlet of operatives may be, it has its life, and wherever human life is, there is poetry, romance, dramas of comedy and tragedy. In that little town on this particular day, the haughty young wife of the stupid and aged mill-owner has her love intrigues with her German music teacher. Mischievous and irreverent art students have entrapped an unwary and sentimental comrade in a mock love affair, making use of a poor unlettered girl, who serves as artist's model, as the ideal beauty in the naughty plot. That day the widowed mother's heart is filled with forebodings over the impetuous son filled with the patriotic defiance that for liberty's sake would assassinate the king. That day a great church functionary, the Pope's Monsignor, has come up from Rome to offer his prayers for the peace of a dead brother's soul and incidentally to look after the entangled affairs of the estate, in which he has large interest.

Our attention is called, and at last our affections are centered upon what would seemingly be the most insignificant link in the chain, the least potent factor of this town, day and life—Pippa, the poor bare-footed orphan child who winds silk

"The whole year round, to earn just bread and milk."

But even she has an appreciation of her little bounty, her one little holiday in which body and soul are free to do as they will. For this day, and this day only, she is above circumstances; she is independent of routine; she is mistress of herself and practices the economies of prosperity. She is jealous of her riches and would make them go as far as possible.

Pippa is up betimes this morning; she greets the sunrise—such a sunrise—it "boils over the cloud-cup's brim, grows gold and o'erflows the world." She splashes the water in her ewer, plays with the sunbeam and queens it over her new-blown lily that has opened just in time to decorate her large, mean, meagerly furnished though airy chamber. In the unusual escape from the bondage of routine her fancy flies all bounds, forgets the limitations of time, space and condition, and she plays the game to its fullest.

"I may fancy all day—and it shall be so—
That I taste of the pleasures, am called by the names
Of the Happiest Four in our Asolo!"

And who are these "Happiest Four" to the little girl's fancy? Who but the stately Ottima, who lives in the great stone house and has another house for shrubs, all glass in front, where Sebald steals to court her, while old Lucca, the aged, stupid husband, reposes, our little girl ventures to be a bit naughty, she dares imagine that she is the bold and confident lady who defies the spiteful talkers.

"How we talk in the little town below!"

But too innocent to enjoy long, even in imagination, forbidden love, the heart-whole and fancy-free child climbs love's ladder as she exclaims:

"There's better love, I know!
This foolish love was only day's first offer;
I choose my next love to defy the scoffer:
For do not our Bride and Bridegroom sally
Out of Possagno church at noon?
Their house looks over Orcana valley:
Why should I not be the bride as soon
As Ottima?"

And so our little maid indulges in the sweet imaginations that make her "the dainty bride with pale pure cheeks"—

"A bride to look at and scarce touch,
Scarce touch, remember, Jules!—for are not such
Used to be tended, flower-like, every feature,
As if one's breath would fray the lily of a creature?"

O, how far away is the "soft and easy life these ladies lead"; how painful the contrast between their whiteness and the sun-burned life at the mill! Well may the guileless little heart breathe the exquisite prayer, for this happy bride who today will nestle in the arms of holy, legitimate love.

"Oh, save that brow its virgin dimness,
Keep that foot its lady primness,
Let those ankles never swerve
From their exquisite reserve,
Yet have to trip along the streets like me,
All but naked to the knee!"

But our little silk-weaver is as yet a coy, undeveloped little thing; she is not ripe even for a lover like Jules, much less for a paramour like Sebald. There is no place in her heart for envy for the bride. She wonders how she can ever grant her Jules the startling bliss of her first infant kiss.

"In earnest, do you think I'd choose
That sort of new love to enslave me?
Mine should have lapped me round from the beginning;
As little fear of losing it as winning;
Lovers grow cold, men learn to hate their wives,
And only parents' love can last our lives."

And so she takes another step up the rounds of love's ladder and rises to imagine the comfort of a mother's love. She fain would know the wealth of Luigi who ends his daily walk with his mother in the ruined tower where they talk—

"Calmer than lovers, yet more kind than friends,
Let me be cared about, kept out of harm,
And schemed for, safe in love as with a charm;
Let me be Luigi!—if I only knew
What was my mother's face—my father, too!"

But, come to that, why not the best love of all—why not have God's love! And so she rises to the last round in the ladder of love and seeks to invest herself with the fullness of the peace that comes to him who rests in the eternal arms. In the early morning she dared think of naughty love; at noon she fancied her heart crowned with bridal honors; at evening she yearned for a mother's care; at night she dared to be, in imagination, the Monsignor in the palace by the Dome,

"Who to-night will bless the home
Of his dead brother; and God will bless in turn
That heart which beats, those eyes which mildly burn
With love for all men! I, to-night at least,
Would be that holy and beloved priest."

But when imagination tires, and lest the disillusions of fancy come too promptly, she falls back on her New Year's hymn that seems to assure her that, even without being priest, and shorn of mother's love, ignorant of the bride's bliss and innocent of crime's, she already is somewhat a partaker in God's love, for what other can be the meaning of the New Year's canticle, which she sings:

"All service ranks the same with God:
If now, as formerly he trod
Paradise, his presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.
Say not 'a small event!' Why 'small'?
Costs it more pain that this, ye call
A 'great event' should come to pass,
Than that? Untwine me from the mass
Of deeds which make up life one deed
Power shall fall short in or exceed!"

There is "more of it, and more of it," but she passes out into the street to see the happiness which she must envy not, because if this hymn is true she indeed is just as great, useful and dear to God as they. A pretty thought at least, and she has the sunshine. She sallies forth to her day's carousing, with sunshine, imagination, an innocent soul and a happy heart as elements in her heavenly dissipation.

We next find the "little ragged girl," as Ottima calls her, resting on the steps outside the shrub-house of the mansion on the hillside, unconscious of the fact that behind the closed screens the guilty lovers are facing the horrible experiences that follow murder. During the night the old husband has been put out of the way. But with the approach of daylight the old abandon and coveted freedom do not obtain. With hot words, old scenes, excitements and past indulgencies are invoked to give courage and joy to the present, but the disillusion hastens. Ottima seems to be the stronger in crime. Sebald wavers, trembles, is about to surrender again to love's fascination when a childish voice comes through the lattice, singing:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world."

And spite of further love pleadings the man exclaims:

"That little peasant's voice
Has righted all again. Though I be lost,
I know which is the better, never fear,
Of vice or virtue, purity or lust,
Nature or trick! I see what I have done,
Entirely now! Oh, I am proud to feel
Such torments—let the world take credit thence—
I, having done my deed, pay too its price!
I hate, hate—curse you! God's in his heaven!"

He expiates his crime against his fellow man by taking his own life. She expiates her crime against a lover by following him.

"Not me—to him, O God, be merciful!"

Thus Browning states in shadow the perplexity which Milton states in sunshine:

"He for God only, she for God in him."

It is now noon and our Pippa is away out on the suburban hillside at Orcana, Jules and his unknown bride have just returned from the church. In the privacy of his studio the cruel trick of his malicious mates is being exposed. The sincerity of the groom has awakened real love in the heart of the mock bride, but the groom with his heart full of despair is about to leave her his purse and hie himself away, he knows not where, for all is over now—

"All chance, or hope, or care, or need of it—"

when a child's voice is heard on the outside trilling a love ditty. She sings the story of Kate, the Queen, who resigned a crown for a page's love, and disappointment is changed to resolution, and in defiance to the conventions, the marriage vows were made real and a new life begun because a real love though in its dawning was confessed and recognized.

It is evening now and mother and son have reached the ruined turret on the hill. The ardor of the patriot boy bids him away, courting danger and death. The love of the mother pleads with him to stay, both unconscious that the eyes of the police are upon them and that their wiles are soon to entrap him. Right or wrong, dangers neither know of, beset them. The high communion is interrupted by a song from the street:

"A king lived long ago,
In the morning of the world,
When earth was nigher heaven than now:"

And the song tunes the boy's heart again.

" 'Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay? Farewell!"

and the lad is away, escaping, at least for the present, from the clutches of the police who are waiting for him.

It is night now and the little girl is finding her way back to her desolate room. On the way she passes by a group of flippant girls, the poor, prattling women, to whom coarseness and flippancy, low thoughts and evil imaginations, are so much a part of their environment that we can hardly think of them as wicked; the depravity of the individual is so much a part of depraved circumstances, that demoralizing compact we call "Society," that the just cease to blame the offending individual as his indignation rises against the offensive conditions, for which the whole community is responsible. These naughty girls have had their word with the waif, dropped their sly hints, they have tried to poison the imagination of our little Pippa with vague hints of a lordly stranger in whose eyes she has found favor. They hint of the fine things that may be in store for her if only she were a little more careful of her apparel—"pare her nails pearl-wise; get shoes for her small feet that were less like canoes." Ah, how subtle was the insight of the poet! how psychologically true is he to the sad fact that a young girl's temptation first appears in the guise of the shoemaker and the dressmaker. The consciousness of drapery, the anxiety of the wardrobe, still mark to countless souls the death of innocence, the passage of Eve out of Paradise into the sinning world.

But as our Pippa wins her humble home, the last little drama of the poor little holiday in the poor little town of silk-spinners is being brought to its close. The Monsignor, who to little Pippa stood untainted and untempted for the love of God to man, is having a final accounting with the wicked administrator of his dead brother's estate and the overseer of the monks' property. Monsignor has not long to live; he comes from a family none too good; there are dark things in his life, and he must hasten to make things right ere his going hence. He is his brother's heir. There was a child in the case, but she has been put out of the way long ago, and that deed haunts the unshrived corners of the priest's heart. But the overseer is no amateur in his rascality; he smiles at the question:

"Did you throttle or stab my brother's infant? Come, now!"

"So old a story, and tell it no better? When did such an instrument ever produce such an effect? Either the child smiles in his face, or, most likely, he is not fool enough to put himself in the employer's power so thoroughly: the child is always ready to produce—as you say—howsoever, wheresoever, and whensoever."

And now it is the overseer's chance to unburden his dark heart.

"I shall sleep soundly tonight at least, though the gallows await me tomorrow."

And so the sorry story comes out that the little girl lives; that she is near at hand, but that now he is ready to get her out of the way,—not indeed by "the stupid obvious kind of killing," but the quite as sure and less dangerous way, for at Rome "the courtesans perish off every three years." Indeed, operations have begun already. "There's a certain lusty, blue-eyed, florid-complexioned English knave, I and the Police employ occasionally. You assent, I perceive—* * * but you will let me convert my present havings and holdings into cash, and give me time to cross the Alps? * * * Is it a bargain?"

Again a voice is heard. It is that of the pretty, black-eyed, singing Felippa, the gay silk-winding orphan in question. Once more she passes, and as she goes to her bed chamber she sings of tree tops and flowers and the sun and stars and moon that measure her ignorance, when

"Suddenly God took me!"

The song calls the man of prayer to devotions real and high and the signal is given, the villain is gagged, and indeed for once, out of the depths of his heart, the priest prays:

"*Miserere mei, Domine!*" Be merciful to me, O Lord!

Poor little Pippa who all day long has been but a voice now appears to us again as she sits upon the side of her little bed disrobing herself, too tired to pray even. She marvels at the dark and dreary close of her poor day; wonders how the red sun dropped into that black cloud. She realizes that day's turn is over, the pretty singing birds have retired, and that now the owl summons the world to its chantery; and even her cheerfulness lags and her faith droops as she sleepily says:

"Now, one thing I should like to really know:
How near I ever might approach all these
I only fancied being, this long day:
Approach, I mean, so as to touch them, so
As to—in some way—move them—if you please,
Do good or evil to them some slight way.
For instance, if I wind
Silk tomorrow, my silk may bind
And broider Ottima's cloak's hem.
Ah me, and my important part with them,
This morning's hymn half promised when I rose!
True in some sense or other, I suppose.
God bless me! I can pray no more tonight.
No doubt, some way or other, hymns say right.
All service ranks the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we: there is no last nor first."

She sleeps.

Thus ends our little drama of a day in the life of a little girl; poorest, humblest, bare-footed, orphaned little silk-winder, in all the town! It is not for me here to speak of the literary charm, of the poetic quality of one of the most original, quaint, delicate, beautiful creations, not only of Robert Browning, but of English literature. It is not for me to dwell upon the exquisite etchings of leaf and flower and bird and worm; the lyric quality of the lines; the happy matching of sound and sense; the rhythm of feeling as well as of sentence. I have time for naught of this; I must speak only of

the searching truth here embedded, the impressive sermon here preached. The poet Browning is ever an interpreter of soul. Early in life when but twenty-nine years of age, in this parable of providence, of God's way on earth, he made good his title to the prophetic office. He saw as only the God-illumined, the gifted children of genius can see, how life is all a piece; how nature and human nature are woven in one loom, and how the complex tapestry we call history, however gorgeous the pattern may be, however striking the colors and strong the contrasts, is woven out of single slender threads; that every thread is necessary to the whole and is indispensable in the final result. Here goes this little peasant girl singing through the village, up the hillside, out in the suburbs, past the country church, and back again, all unconscious of any mission save that she filled her little body with sunshine, amused her mind with innocent fancies, recouped her wasted energies and regained the strength that will enable her on the morrow to begin again her silk winding for another year.

And still, without strain, without miracle, without a show of angel wings or gospel trumpet, she did pass as an angel of light, preaching sanity, radiating strength, purifying the heart of the sin-stained, clarifying the vision of the confused, strengthening the wills of drooping spirits, striking like a bell the imperative call to prayer and to conscience. Only a poet like Robert Browning would dare undertake to communicate this power, not through vision but through sound. Her appeal was not to the eye but to the ear —nothing tangible, no flash of eye, no sweetness of face, no grace of form, but the inreaching power of the human voice, the most spiritual of weapons; nay, not even the voice, but the power of thought, pure, clarified, life, a soul sincere—in its primitive sense—the honey of truth without the wax. For as we read the dead type glows with a fervid heat, and the page sways and thrills us.

It was a bold venture on the part of Mr. Hart Conway and his students to undertake to put this, the most ethereal, spiritual, intangible drama in the English language, on the stage; to clothe it with fitting costume and to drape it with interpretative scenery, as they did so successfully a few weeks ago at the Studebaker Theatre. It is a still bolder thing that he proposes to do next week—to trust these searching lines in their own lyric power, to let the truth loose unhindered, undisturbed by the distractions of sight on the rostrum of Sinai temple for the benefit of the church fund.

So true to soul was Robert Browning in this drama, so immediate is the revelation in these lines, so compelling is the gospel of life and love here revealed, that every intelligent auditor might be blindfolded and still they would be moved by an adequate rendering of these lines. Indeed, could the acoustic difficulties be overcome, it would be perfectly safe, perhaps even more effective, if not only the singing Pippa passed unseen through the drama, but if the actors in the four little distinct unsung operettas spoke their lines, as the poet indicates, behind the closed shutters, in the privacy of the studio, within the ruined turret, and in the solitude of the monk's chamber, where the eye of the auditor no more than the eye of Pippa could not penetrate.

But I am not concerned with the art of it today; I am simply concerned with the religion I find here. I am glad if this sermon may serve in somehow as an introduction or an emphasis to the rendering of Mr. Conway's students next Wednesday night,—a rendering that cannot fail of high service, both to the dramatic art, the poet's mission and the gospel of right living; for the lines are such they cannot be rendered so poorly but what they will carry a measure of joy and healing, and they cannot be rendered so well but what the human heart, the common, untutored human heart, so it be single in its aim and pure in its purposes, will catch up the accents and lend to them a still more adequate inflection.

But I have to do primarily this morning with the sermon contained in the poem itself. Here I find a recognition of the unconscious forces that make for righteousness all around us. Nature and human nature are so biased in favor of virtue, so prejudiced towards beauty and excellence, that the commonest things in life, the most ordinary besetting beauties and utilities, are servants of righteousness. A vagrant ray or sunlight, a budding lily, a bird poised on bough, through beauty of wing or purity of note, a bare-footed carol-ing mill operative—all make for sanity.

And one thing more: These things make so profoundly for sanity and righteousness that more times than we know of they meet in direct conflict the fiery forces of passion, the fell temptations of greed and envy, the sordid arguments of selfishness and cowardice and win out, as they do in this drama.

This drama vindicates the truth of the New Year's hymn that says that in the economy of God there is no "small" or "great"; that we cannot untwine the "small event" without defeating what we call the "great event," that, indeed, if all service does not rank the same with God, it is because with God the rank assigned by man is inverted or reversed. The fleeting revelation of the unseen Pippa strips all the charms of the superb Ottima of their power. The serenity of her voice thwarts and overturns the best laid plans of the profane students as it routs all the worldliness that threatened to darken the praying soul of the high ecclesiastic.

This is enough for one sermon from this gospel book; I ought to be content with my time limit, but one point more I state though I may not argue it. Pippa is not simply a creation of the poet's art, like Goethe's "Mignon," a creation of genius, but she is a possible child of nature. The garden of human nature is full of such lilies; the air is made fragrant by these unnoticed and unrecognized Pippas. They do pass through life, modifying, strengthening, beautifying it by epigram and epithet; by word of prose or canticle of song. It is hard to refrain from illustration. If we go in search of Pippa in the fields of actual life, we need not go far. Since the days of Robert Browning his very Italy has produced an actual Pippa without the intervention of poet, in Ada Negri, the singing factory girl produced among "the shrieking wheels of the great mills where a thousand women spend their vigor," to use her own description, has been sending out songs that thrill Italian peasant and Italian philosopher, and the thrill has been continued into many languages. Away up in the far away corner of northeastern Germany, on the border of grim Russia, Johanna Ambrosius, a peasant woman, child of severest poverty, sent out songs that at last reached the royal palace, and the American translation of her poems is dedicated "to the Empress of Germany, the Princess who in her palace heard and held a helping hand to her sister woman, the peasant woman in her hut." What was our own Lucy Larcom but a Yankee Pippa binding shoes! and what was her friend, John G. Whittier, at the outset, but a singing Quaker pegging shoes? And what was the great American who to this day holds aloft the torch of liberty, the ideal of democracy in a faithless age, in a warring age? Our own Abraham Lincoln was in his early days a masculine Pippa whose voice had in it redeeming

power; whose wayside words were charged with sanity; whose buoyant spirit was an antiseptic, which made hearts whole.

What was it broke the fetters of tyranny, nerved despondent leaders, restored the broken hearts of women, rebuked high priests, but a voice heard on the banks of Galilee, in the valley of the Jordan and in the streets of Jerusalem, a voice and that of a village carpenter declaring that he kingdom of God was at hand, was within; singing of a father's love that noted the fall of a sparrow and numbered the hairs of the head.

Dear little Pippa! Never mind, if you are too tired to say your prayers tonight. God hath blessed you already in the faith that somehow or another your hymn is right, for *we* know, what *you* do not, that in your one holiday of the year you did prove to sin-sick, world-dazed and time-distracted souls that

"God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world."

Sky Sermons.

I. THE SKY.

The Sky! What an extent of space the word suggests to one! How exquisite in color—or rather, in variations of color. Does not "the heaven above us" brood over the earth with infinite tenderness? Tenderness, partaking of the nature of a great Father and Mother heart; ever vigilant and unceasing in its protectiveness.

The variations of blue are marvelous in the sky, if one ever stops to think about them. Deep, deep, cerulean blue, shading down to the lightest of colors, as one nears the horizon. Sometimes a soft green like the green of a sea wave, or a mother of pearl shell, and then again like a turquoise matrix, as if the sky were allied to the earth in color, if in no other way.

If one suggests the word "sunset," immediately the "inner vision" recalls many serene hours, when the sky palette has been brushed with radiant colors, of many hues, of rainbow tints and shades.

Each one of us, doubtless, can recall some particular sunset when the other world seemed near, and those "not lost but gone before" were close to us, with whisperings of cheer and comfort.

And after this sunset, when the twilight steals upon us, how we rejoice in the beauty of the sky and of lovely Venus as she floats and floats ever onward in the west.

"Where the quiet colored end of evening smiles
Miles and miles."

ETHELIND MERRITT.

The Home and the Hospital.

We despise the Hindu, dying of cholera for lack of sewerage. But we die at a rate of one in four for lack of ventilation. We have the white plague steadily killing us off in our most valuable years, costing us one-quarter of our lives, billions of dollars annually;—a loss, it has been calculated, equal to our entire annual export trade. We die patiently of this, as our ancestors died of the other, and fail to see how swiftly we could end it if we would.

Consumption, like typhoid fever, is a dirt disease, but it is from dirt in the lungs. . . . We have to learn to purify the air of our cities from its body of dirt, as we have purified the streets of "surface drainage"; and, more directly, we have to learn *not to poison it.*

In this part of the struggle sanitary science must penetrate that well-nigh invincible fortress, the home, and teach it not to generate disease. Building laws come first; proper air space, sunlight, room for physical decency and health of the inhabitants. Here is the hospital, taking in the wreckage of the home, and teaching it how much cubic space a human being must have; how many cubic feet of air an hour, and what kind of cleanliness is *clean.* Pure, white, sterilized and safe, with the inmates so guarded that even though diseased they do not further infect one another,—this is the extreme of human effort to allow nature free play in the struggle for health.

Now why cannot the home learn of the hospital? It need not be full of sick folk. If all the homes were what they should be we should need few hospitals. It need not be as coldly colorless, but beauty in household decoration can be obtained without our masses of dust-generating cloth. A house could be as lovely as a sea shell, and as smooth. It could have thrilling beauty of color and of line, pure, satisfying proportion, all manner of tender ornament and decoration, and yet not a needless thing in it.

And, above all, it could have pure air, as far as its own contribution went. While we allow our manufacturers to poison us by wholesale with low-lying clouds of smoke and deadly gases, the home can not be safe; but an intelligent spirit in our homes would rise up against that wholesale outrage, as the men of old rose against the poisoners of the wells. Meanwhile, the home could at least see to it that it did not do its own poisoning.

Here sits the family around the evening lamp; all dutifully getting the light over the left shoulder, for the sake of their eyes. The lamp meanwhile is consuming as much oxygen as one of the family. The furnace is going merrily, and the wind howls outside. All is peaceful and serene, and nobody complains till a boisterous son comes in from out of doors.

"Huh!" he says, rudely. "Why don't you open a window?"

"The window is open down in the dining room," replies his mother, severely; "you have just come in from outside, that's all."

So he sits down in the family air, and subtracts his portion of the remaining oxygen as peacefully as he can, contributing also his portion of used-up air, that grows fouler and fouler as it is breathed and rebreathed by the group, and no one notices it. . . .

We need a cultivated taste in air—as we have in music; a "trained nose" as well as a trained ear or eye. And we need a machine, an invention, a little scientific appliance, a thing like a thermometer, small, pocketable, which the well bred could consult on occasion and say, "Dear me! This air has but eleven per cent of oxygen, and it's up to 83 with deleterious gas!" While we wait for the inventor, let the home learn of the hospital, and so escape it.

A place where people live, all the time, ought to be quite as sanitary, as "antiseptically clean," as a place for the sick folks. The hospital elaborately shuts the door after the horse is stolen.

Who stole it?

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in Good Housekeeping.*

The House of God.

Prone upon the earth, in prayer, the weary Nanac fell,
Filled with all blessed thoughts of God;
Turned toward the sacred Mecca were his dusty feet,
And rested on the soft green sod.
When, lo! there passed a saintly Moslem priest that way,
And cried, "Base unbeliever, dost thou dare to pray,
Thy graceless feet extended toward God's city fair?"
But Nanac thus made answer, "Is not everywhere
God's city? Find, if thou canst, the accursed spot
Where, crowned with deathless praise, His holy house is not!"

—*From the Persian.*

Book Notices.*

Prof. Rowe's book, *The United States and Porto Rico,* is one of the significant and important books of the year. Few among us realize the full weight of obligation, which we as a nation assumed, in taking possession of even a small area of populated land where conditions of life, nature of the people, social conditions, laws and legal status, were unlike our own. Porto Rico, a relatively small and insignificant area, has imposed on us heavy obligations and raised serious problems. These concern the Porto Ricans but they even more profoundly affect ourselves. Our viewpoint for many questions, our legal decisions, our modes of procedure, our principles of government, have all been affected in various ways. Mr. Rowe has had to grapple with many of these problems officially. While optimistic, looking hopefully toward a happy solution of the problems, he does not underrate their seriousness or difficulty and his treatment is, on the whole, fair and sympathetic. We cannot treat his book in detail but no thoughtful American, who desires to keep himself informed on national affairs, should remain ignorant of it. In its serious treatment of an important public matter, it deserves careful and intelligent reading.

The Napoleon Myth has grown from a recent article in the Open Court by Mr. Evans. To it has been added other curious matter regarding Napoleon. Mr. Evans' article does not present a definite, well-developed, "Napoleon Myth," but shows that many incidents commonly narrated of the great conqueror are untrue and that, around the actual events of his life, fantastic additions gather. Dr. Carus, in his *Introduction* to the book shows that this is a constant tendency; that the life of every great man serves as a nucleus around which stories grow and to which mythical incidents attach themselves. Not the least interesting part of the book is *The Grand Erratum,* a translation of Jean Baptiste Pèrés's satirical essay published in 1827, in which the Non-Existence of Napoleon is proved and his history shown to be a mere solar myth. As an appendix, the book contains a recent newspaper article upon *Napoleon's Cocked Hat.*

The beautifully illustrated articles by Mr. Ernest W. Clement, which have appeared in the Open Court during the past year under the general title of *The Japanese Floral Calendar* have been collected into book form. The articles treat of the characteristic flowers of each month in the year and describe the Japanese flower-festivals. Mr. Clement also brings together an interesting mass of popular fancies, folklore, practices and poems in regard to the favorite flowers. The book is well-written, interesting in matter and charmingly illustrated. FREDERICK STARR.

ETHICS OF THE HOME AND OF CITIZENSHIP.*

To review Mr. Sheldon's ethical lessons for the readers of UNITY is like introducing a child to its admiring relatives. For the material of these chapters on the duties of the home and of citizenship first appeared in these columns, and now appears in attractive book-form in the same familiar type.

It is perhaps as well that the reviewer's task is made easier by these circumstances. For such lessons as Mr. Sheldon has given us can only be justly dealt with as they are put to actual use with the pupils for whom they were prepared. A mere reading, however careful, is not enough to bring out their merits. Such a reading of large parts of these volumes, however, makes it clear that they offer material of a very unusual character to the teacher of ethics for children and young people. Each series consists of some thirty chapters, dealing with various aspects of the respective topics, so as to give a treatment notable for its range and thoroughness of handling. The lessons on home duties are enriched by a large number of proverbs and verses, used as chapter headings, and by an appropriate poem or story at the close of each lesson. The chapters on citizenship open with a "memory gem," often most aptly chosen, and contain in addition to the poem a classic for reading or recitation, and in some cases an illustrative story.

The lesson proper is put in the form of an easy dialogue, in which the answers of the pupils are naturally drawn out by the skillful leading of the teacher. Mr. Sheldon, in his prefaces, is very modest about these dialogues, but to the present reviewer they seem marvels of compactness and suggestiveness. The points of the lesson are brought out with great pedagogical skill, and are later stated in brief form and numbered as an aid to memory. The duties brought out by the dialogue are also briefly restated, with the suggestion that they be learned by heart. Finally, at the end of each lesson, and after each more difficult point in the dialogue itself, are found notes and suggestions to the teacher.

It is evident throughout that these lessons are the result of much practical teaching experience, so that we are not surprised to learn that they were in actual use before appearing in print. They are not merely lessons in ethics, but "ethics for the *young,*" as their title declares. The adaptation to immature minds seems complete, and to need on the part of the teacher only a faithful and intelligent following of the author's plan to be successful. The preliminary suggestions to parents or teachers, covering a number of pages, make an admirable little treatise on pedagogy. The method of the lessons could hardly be improved; and their contents for pertinence, variety and fulness of happy suggestion, deserve at least equal praise. The labor of reducing the results of the best thinking of the ages on the home and on the problems of citizenship to the easy comprehension of young learners must have been difficult in the extreme, but it has apparently been done with entire success. Every note of partisan or sectarian difference has been carefully suppressed. These lessons are neutral enough to meet the difficult conditions of the public school, or they could be used with whatever enlargement of the appeal on the side of motive by the believers in any shade of denominational theology.

Both volumes are commended without reserve to parents and Sunday-school teachers, but with the hope that their widest use may come to be in the public schools. The demand for the ethical teaching of our children, in a neutral spirit so far as political or theological partisanship is concerned, is becoming insistent. Something should be done to meet the glaring defect of the present school system in this regard, and we have seen nothing approaching Mr. Sheldon's lessons in fitness to supply the need. R. W. B.

Edward Stanwood, one of the most accomplished students of historical American politics and of the tendencies and development of national parties, opens the February *Atlantic* with a careful paper on The Democratic Predicament,—the question how the Democratic party after its recent crushing defeat can get itself together, and upon what lines it must reorganize to become again a strong factor in American politics.

The United States and Porto Rico. By L. S. Rowe. Longmans, Green & Co., New York: 1904, 16°, pp. xiv, 271.
The Napoleon Myth. By Henry Ridgely Evans. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago: 1904. 8°, pp. 65.
The Japanese Floral Calendar. By Ernest W. Clement. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago; 1905. 8°, pp. 57.
*Ethics for the Young: for Use in the School and the Home. Third series, Duties in the Home and the Family. Fourth Series, Citizenship, and the Duties of a Citizen. By Walter L. Sheldon. Pp 411, 466. W. M. Welch Company, Chicago. $1.25 per volume.

THE HOME.

All Contributions for This Department Should Be Sent to Mrs. William Kent, 5112 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—There are three things, and God will not love him that loves to look at them; fighting, a monster and the pomposity of pride.

Mon.—Three things produce wisdom: Truth, consideration and suffering.

Tues.—There are three men that all ought to look upon with affection: He that with affection looks at the face of the earth, that is delighted with rational works of art, and that looks lovingly on little infants.

Wed.—Three things well understood will give peace: The tendencies of nature, the claims of justice, and the voice of truth.

Thurs.—The three great ends of knowledge: Duty, utility and decorum.

Fri.—Three things corrupt the world: Pride, superfluity and indolence.

Sat.—The three primary principles of wisdom: Obedience to the laws of God, concern for the welfare of mankind, and suffering with fortitude all the accidents of life.

—Welsh Triads, from *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of the Cymry, by Rev. John Williams.*

Similar Cases.

There was once a little animal,
  No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered
  Over Tertiary rocks.
They called him Eohippus,
  And they called him very small,
And they thought him of no value—
  When they thought of him at all;
For the lumpish old Dinoceras
  And Coryphodon so slow
Were the heavy aristocracy
  In days of long ago.

Said the little Eohippus,
  "I am going to be a horse!
And on my middle finger-nails
  To run my earthly course!
I'm going to have a flowing tail!
  I'm going to have a mane!
I'm going to stand fourteen hands high
  On the psychozoic plain!"

The Coryphodon was horrified,
  The Dinoceras was shocked;
And they chased young Eohippus,
  But he skipped away and mocked.
Then they laughed enormous laughter,
  And they groaned enormous groans,
And they bade young Eohippus
  Go view his father's bones.
Said they, "You always were as small
  And mean as now we see,
And that's conclusive evidence
  That you're always going to be
What! Be a great, tall, handsome beast,
  With hoofs to gallop on?

Why! You'd have to change your nature!"
  Said the Loxolophodon.
They considered him disposed of,
  And retired with gait serene;
That was the way they argued
  In "the early Eocene."

There was once an Anthropoidal Ape,
  Far smarter than the rest,
And everything that they could do
  He always did the best;
So they naturally disliked him,
  And they gave him shoulders cool,
And when they had to mention him
  They said he was a fool.

Cried this pretentious Ape one day,
  "I'm going to be a Man!
And stand upright, and hunt, and fight,
  And conquer all I can!
I'm going to cut down forest trees,
  To make my houses higher!
I'm going to kill the Mastodon!
  I'm going to make a fire!"

Loud screamed the Anthropoidal Apes
  With laughter wild and gay;
They tried to catch that boastful one,
  But he always got away.
So they yelled at him in chorus,
  Which he minded not a whit;
And they pelted him with cocoanuts,
  Which didn't seem to hit.
And then they gave him reasons
  Which they thought of much avail,
To prove how his preposterous
  Attempt was sure to fail.
Said the sages, "In the first place,
  The thing cannot be done!
And, second, if it could be,
  It would not be any fun!
And, third, and most conclusive,
  And admitting no reply,
You would have to change your nature!
  We should like to see you try!"
They chuckled then triumphantly,
  These lean and hairy shapes,
For these things passed as arguments
  With the Anthropoidal Apes.

There was once a Neolithic Man,
  An enterprising wight,
Who made his chopping implements
  Unusually bright.
Unusually clever he,
  Unusually brave,
And he drew delightful Mammoths
  On the borders of his cave.
To his Neolithic neighbors,
  Who were startled and surprised,
Said he, "My friends, in course of time,
  We shall be civilized!
We are going to live in cities!
  We are going to fight in wars!
We are going to eat three times a day
  Without the natural cause!
We are going to turn life upside down
  About a thing called gold!
We are going to want the earth, and take
  As much as we can hold!
We are going to wear great piles of stuff
  Outside our proper skins!
We are going to have Diseases!
  And Accomplishments! ! And Sins! ! !"

Then they all rose up in fury
  Against their boastful friend,
For prehistoric patience
  Cometh quickly to an end.
Said one, "This is chimerical!
  Utopian! Absurd!"
Said another, "What a stupid life!
  Too dull, upon my word!"
Cried all, "Before such things can come,
  You idiotic child,
You must alter Human Nature!"
  And they all sat back and smiled.
Thought they, "An answer to that last
  It will be hard to find!"
It was a clinching argument
  To the Neolithic Mind!

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

The Still Small Voice.

Little Willie had been housed up all day on account of a driving rainstorm, but late in the afternoon the sun burst through the clouds and he was allowed to go out into the garden to play. It was not long however before he came in flushed and excited, exclaiming to his mother, that he wanted to tell her a story, and this is what he said:

Once there was a little boy who went into the garden to walk, and there he saw some beautiful flowers, with raindrops on their petals, which dropped one after another to the ground, where an ugly worm came out to get a drink. It was so ugly the little boy raised his foot to crush it, when a voice of sadness sounded in his ear, and said, "will you? will you?"

At this point, forgetful of all else but the spirit of reproach felt in his tender conscience, he looked up in his mother's eyes, with tears in his own, and said: "And I didn't, Mamma, I didn't." A. E. B.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The School of Experience.

In life's great school—so much to learn,
And little time its love to know,
But what is gained that must we earn,
And to our own fulfilment grow;
It comes unto the searching mind,
Which wanders in this storehouse free;
And what in joy the heart can find,
Is it's for all eternity!

And smiles and tears, and hope and joy,
And varied round of gifts divine—
Are mine, and all my powers employ
That I with excellence may shine;
I am to have the things I need,
My spirit with new strength to gird,
And help with insight for the deed
As fond allurement sweetly heard!

O in my nature is the spell
Of God's bewitchment for my life,
It urges me so wondrous well—
To be hope's champion in the strife;
And no achievement is enough,
However great or wisely done,
Of fate I cannot take rebuff,
Or quit the field till set of sun!

And time and tide are like a play,
That works along appointed course,
And all I do and all I say,
Inspired is by unseen force;
And all prepares me for my part—
In noble futures that may be,
The wisdom of it in my heart
As sunshine for eternity!

WILLIAM BRUNTON

The Field.

Meadville, Pa.—We are glad to note that the Men's Club of the Unitarian church at this place is leading in a movement for suffering Russia. At a recent meeting the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the Independent Congregational church express its profound and ardent sympathy with the people of Russia in their struggle for the freedom which comports with the dignity of men, and

Resolved, That this church meeting request the chairman to appoint a committee which shall enlist co-operation with the efforts of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom.

Foreign Notes.

COMPARATIVE NATIONAL MORALITY.

One of our English exchanges, *The Christian Life,* has been making a study of recent statistics as to sexual morality, with the following interesting results. It is a little curious to note a single South American state in a table otherwise limited to European countries. M. E. H.

Many people in this country are accustomed to speak disparagingly of their Irish fellow-citizens; yet there is one point on which the conduct of the Irish contrasts very favorably with that of the inhabitants of England, and indeed with that of the inhabitants of all other countries concerning which we possess information. The point alluded to is that of sexual morality. If we take from the "Stateman's Year-Book" the latest returns of the population and the nearest corresponding returns of the number of illegitimate births in each of the countries for which this information is given, and reckon the number of illegtimate births per 1,000 of the population, we obtain the following results:

Country.	Date.	Pop.	Date.	No. of illegitimate births.	No. per 1,000 of Pop.
Ireland	1902	4,432,287	1902	2,687	0.60
Holland	1902	5,347,182	1902	3,986	0.74
Eng. and Wales	1902	32,997,626	1902	36,676	1.11
Switzerland	1901	3,315,443	1901	4,465	1.34
Scotland	1902	4,531,300	1902	8,202	1.81
Italy	1901	32,475,000	1901	61,288	1.88
France	1901	38,961,945	1902	74,071	1.90
Belgium	1900	6,693,548	1901	14,137	2.11
Norway	1900	2,240,032	1900	4,824	2.15
Prussia	1900	34,472,509	1900	93,591	2.71
Sweden	1902	5,198,752	1900	15,759	3.03
German Emp.	1900	56,367,178	1900	179,644	3.18
Wurtemburg	1900	2,169,480	1900	7,472	3.44
Roumania	1900	5,912,520	1900	20,478	3.46
Hungary	1900	19,254,559	1900	70,921	3.68
Saxony	1900	4,202,216	1901	20,527	4.88
Bavaria	1900	6,176,057	1900	30,696	4.97
Austria	1900	25,921,671	1900	135,933	5.24
Uruguay	1902	978,048	1902	8,517	8.70

Further paragraphs tell us a little concerning the comparative morality of different parts of some of these countries; but these paragraphs speak of the percentage of illegitimate births on the total number of births, which does not always vary directly as the population. Thus we read that in Ireland the percentage varies from 3.4 in Ulster to 0.7 in Connaught. So that in poor benighted Connaught only 7 births out of 1,000 are illegitimate. In Scotland it varies from 3.5 in Selkirk to 12.2 in Wigtown and 13 in Banff. In the heterogeneous Austrian Empire the rates are 41.1 in Carinthia, 25.3 in Saltzburg, 24 in Lower Austria, 11.8 in Galicia, 7.2 in the Tyrol, and 4.2 in Dalmatia. In England and Wales in 1902 the lowest rates were 2.6 in Essex, 2.8 in Middlesex, without London, 2.9 in Monmouthshire, 3 in South Wales, and 3.1 in Warwickshire; while the highest were 6 in Shropshire, Westmoreland, and North Wales, 6.1 in Norfolk, and 6.6 in Herefordshire. We are accustomed to speak of the Welsh and Scotch as very lax; but so far as South Wales is concerned this idea is quite erroneous; and even the Scotch, though below the rest of the United Kingdom, still show a better record than any foreign country except Holland and Switzerland.

Band of Mercy Notes.

"Universal kindness would save the colossal cost of wars, armies and navies; police, prisons, courts and lawyers; saloons, drunkenness, cruelty to animals, and soon double the wealth of the world. It would abolish severe toil, strikes, trusts, paupers, millionaires, divorces, and suicide; reform society, the church, the home, and make life a perpetual joy, all this is involved in Christ's law of love; be ye kind to one another."

The Jenkin Lloyd Jones Band of Mercy No. 55304 met in two divisions in the assembly room of the old high school. The program: Composition, "A Brave Dog," Rhea Schenk. Reading, "The Cry of Our Little Brothers," Mary Brice. Piano duet, Lois and Gladys Bate. Recitation, Cedric Willson. Carl Coffeen was elected secretary of the Ind. Div. Gladys Bate, Harold Blaise and Allen Emery on program committee.

Members from now on will pay 2 cents each for buttons. Mrs. L. M. Van Auken and Mrs. Norris have been appointed vice superintendents. Miss Minnie Fallon, Mrs. Duncan Rule and Mrs. Way as assistants. An active future is planned at least for the remainder of the year.

To impress man's dependence on bird life, twelve prizes are offered for the best outlines on a story which will be read at the February meeting.

An oratorical contest will occur some time in May, at which elegant silver medals will be awarded.

For Band of Mercy valentines the Humane Society have printed on beautiful cards the watchword, "I shall pass thro' this world but once, any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show any being, let me do it now, let me not defer it, for I shall not pass this way again." It is hoped the thought will go into every home in the city, and that flowers of kindness will blossom abundantly. Let it be remembered, "Our 20th Century Hero comes forth, not armed with swords and guns, but weaponed with kindness, justice, sympathy and service." Watchwords may be had of Mrs. Willson.

A strict regard for the rights and feelings of whatever has feeling is the cardinal principle of civilization, of courtesy

and of christianity. "I find it the best kind of discipline and worth any amount of effort," writes an able teacher.

An annual fee of 10 cents from those wishing to assist running expenses constitutes what shall be known as an active membership.

The Board of Education and Humane Society of Kansas City are working hand in hand and with the help of several thousand Band of Mercy children great things are being accomplished.

The service of our good agent Mr. Nutting is being appreciated by those "who can not speak for themselves."

"Among the noblest in the land,
Tho' he may count himself the least
That man I honor and revere,
Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand,
The friend of every friendless beast."

Mason City (Iowa) Gazette, January 7, 1905.

The "Pennsylvania Lines."

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After reading this incident, we should expect fairness of treatment in Parkman's histories. —*St. Nicholas.*

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In this pamphlet, published in England, six British pastors of some prominence, Congregational and Presbyterian, record, with their reasons for it, their conviction that the missions which Dr. R. A. Torrey has been conducting in England "retard greatly the cause of religious progress" in various ways.—*Frow the Outlook.*

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